To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.
Quee. This Feelde shall holde me, and so hold your vow:
Not God nor I delights in periurd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:
The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.
Que. You nickname vertue, vice you should haue spoke:
For vertues office neuer breakes mens troth.
Now by my maiden honour yet as pure,
As the vnsallied Lilly I protest,
A worlde of tormentes though I should endure,
I would not yeelde to be your houses guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heauenly Othes vowed with integritie.
King. O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,
Vnseene, vnuisited, much to our shame.
Quee. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
We haue had pastimes here and pleasant game,
A messe of *Russians* left vs but of late.
King. How Madame? *Russians?*
Quee. I in trueth My Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.
Rosa. Madame speake true: It is not so my Lord:
My Ladie (to the maner of the dayes)
In curtesie giues vndeseruing praise,
We foure in deede confronted were with foure,
In *Russian* habite: heere they stayed an houre,
And talkt apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not blesse vs with one happie word.
I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke.
Bero. This iest is drie to me, gentle sweete,
Your wits makes wise thinges fooliſh when we greete
Wtih eies best seeing, heauens fierie eie:
By light we loose light, your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your hudge stoore,
Wise thinges seeme fooliſh, and rich thinges but poore.
Rosa. This proues you wise and rich: for in my eie.
Bero. I am a foole, and full of pouertie.

Rosa. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch wordes from my tongue.
Ber. O, I am yours and all that I possesse,
Rosa. All the foole mine.
Ber. I cannot giue you lesse.
Ros. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?
Ber. Where, when, what Vizard? why demaund you this?
Rosa. There, then, that Vizard, that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shewed the better face.
King. We were descried, theyle mock vs now downright.
Duman. Let vs confesse and turne it to a iest.
Quee. Amazde my Lord? Why lookes your highnes sad?
Rosa. Helpe holde his browes, heele sound: why looke you pale?
Sea sicke I thinke comming from *Muscouie.*
Bero. Thus pooure the Starres downe plagues for periurie,
Can anie face of brasse hold longer out?
Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,
Bruse me with scorne, confound me with a flout.
Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance,
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:
And I will wish thee neuer more to daunce,
Nor neuer more in Russian habite waite,
O neuer will I trust to speaches pend,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boyes tongue:
Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind harpers songue,
Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,
Three pilde Hiberboles, spruce affection:
Figures pedanticall, these sommer flies,
Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forsweare them, and I here protest,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knowes)
Henceforth my wooing minde shalbe expresst
In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes.
And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,
My loue to thee is sound, *sance* cracke or flaw.
Rosa. *Sans, sans,* I pray you.